



# ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

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F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.

WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

1 wk. 2 wks. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.  
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Advertisements placed in the local columns 10 cents per line.

Help and situation wants, for sale, to let, etc., 12½ cents per line; nothing taken less than two lines.

## IS IT RIGHT?

The above heading suggests itself to us by reason that on Wednesday evening the third annual dinner at the Arlington almshouse was had since our connection with the Enterprise, with the town officials and representatives of the other local paper present, while the Enterprise has had no place on the list of invited guests. We have been able to see no good reason why we, in our official capacity, should not be represented on all town occasions where the local press might properly be expected to be—and especially so, when the other local paper invariably receives its annual invitation to sit at the well-spread tables for the purpose of writing up this annual feast for the reading public.

So keenly have we, as journalist, felt this repeated neglect, that we have made it in our way personally to interview representatives of the board of selectmen and of the town clerk's office, when, in every instance, we have been assured, in the most unqualified way, that the town officials have not had, and do not now have, the remotest to do in the selection of invited guests to this annual banquet at the almshouse. We were given to understand, in the plainest English, that the superintendent and his wife are the only ones who have to do with the list of invitations sent out.

We saw no other way at the time, of doing than take the word of our town officials without a question, and yet we could not easily understand how it was that the superintendent and matron of a town institution would be willing to entertain officially representatives of the town without first consulting, at least, those who by vote of the town are in charge of that institution. So bothered and perplexed have we been that the Enterprise has been so repeatedly left out in the cold by the Arlington almshouse at its annual merry-making that on Thursday we sought an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Tay, the keepers of the almshouse. After exchanging greetings with the superintendent and his wife, we said to them: "We cannot but feel slighted at not having received an invitation to your pleasant gathering last evening along with the town officials and the other local paper;" in reply to which they immediately said: "Mr. Palmer, we have nothing whatever to do in making out the list of invited guests to the annual reception at the almshouse. The list is prepared each year by the town officials and sent us from the town house. The only thing that we have to do is to mail the list as directed."

We are not acting as judge and jury in this matter, but simply telling our readers what has been told us by representatives of the town officials and by the superintendent and matron of the almshouse. It is to be seen at once that the two stories don't hitch. While we are not the court deciding upon which side lie the discrepancies between the two stories, still we can but think that Mr. and Mrs. Tay state the facts. The only thing that the Enterprise asks is, that it shall have an equal chance with the other local paper in securing all news coming from our public institutions upon occasions that have to do with the official life of the town.

We respectfully submit to the town of Arlington this query, viz: "Is such a one sided way of doing things in all that relates to the publication by way of news of town affairs, right and honorable?"

## NO CALLING SURPASSES IT.

There is no "calling" in the professional world that surpasses by way of opportunity and privilege that of the Christian ministry. The pulpit should stand for all that is best in point of that ability, culture and personal zeal which are sure to win on the home stretch. There is always a decided advantage in meeting men and women face to face. To catch and hold the eye of an audience is more than half of the battle. It doesn't matter how successfully one may wield the pen, the writer is necessarily so far removed from his readers that he loses the charm and inspiration that come from personal presence. To be within literal touch of the multitude is to be endued with power. The clergyman, if he measures up to his surroundings, can hardly fail to feed his hearers. There is every reason why the minister should be possessed of a courage that dares say things. A mealy-mouthed pulpit is a bit of furniture that should be carted off to the auctioneer's shop without delay. We have an admiration for that clergyman who preaches God's truth without apologizing for it. The minister has no moral right to go 'round "Robin Hood's barn" to get at the truth which should be dealt out to his congregation, neither has he the right to soften and sugar-coat the truth that those in the front pews may not wince. We have

but little liking for those sermons that have no personal application for the listener—such a sermon, we mean, that can by no possible interpretation give offence, and solely for the reason that it is meant for "somebody else."

For the clergyman to get at his man, he needs to hurl the truth right at him. A bold, manly courage is today one of the demands of the pulpit; and then it demands such positive ability and culture that shall in no instance fail to give instruction. Christian experience is not the only possession needed by the pulpit. The Lord doesn't call one to preach simply because he is good. Heart can never supply the place of brains. There is many a church cold and dead, and all for want of an intellect on fire in the pulpit. That old notion that one may be or is called of God to preach the gospel for the almost sole reason that he has been "converted," as he terms it, and has a religious experience, is the merest nonsense. What the pulpit rightly demands today is that up-to-date ability and courage so essential for a successful leadership. That layman is a wicked spendthrift who wastes his time in church under the ministrations of that religious teacher who has not the ability to instruct, and who has not the courage to instruct even if he had the ability. That clergyman is our minister who has something to say and who has the courage to say it.

Arlington, as we have before had occasion to say in previous issues of the Enterprise, is fortunate in her pulpit ministry. Not only are her clergymen possessed of ability and culture, but they have the courage to speak the truth as they understand it. And what is equally fortunate, they keep themselves in touch with the world, so that they make easy approaches to men and women. We repeat, there is no such inviting field in all the wide world for an inspired work as that afforded by the Christian ministry. To meet on every Lord's day men and women who need the help and encouragement of the pulpit is enough to call out the best there is in the minister. We remember how, some years ago, we heard one of the simplest and yet one of the most powerful sermons preached from the text, "Follow me." By way introducing his subject, the clergyman said: "I have chosen a text this morning so few words that you can all remember it," and then, leaning over his pulpit as though he would take his audience in his arms, he gave a discourse that melted all hearts.

The world does not care for or need doctrinal sermons or learned essays on theology, but it does need and demand that its religious teachers shall interest and instruct in all those things which pertain to the present. A live, earnest minister will logically have a live church, while a substantially dead minister, with his people, will as logically become part and parcel of the graveyard in near neighborhood.

## JUST AS YOU ARE.

Why will not men and women everywhere meet their kind just as they are? Why should we longer play "hide-and-go-seek" with one another? That introduction which only presents you with the man in his dress suit and the woman in full evening dress relates only to the outside. What we must do in order to know people is to get inside of them, and in order to accomplish all this we must be frank and honest both in word and deed.

Our observation and experience in life have impressed us with the fact that the majority of those whom we know are not entirely happy. With these, there is some longing not satisfied, some want not met. These may not confess to you this nearly all-pervading truth, and yet one can easily detect the restless spirit which only comes from a life which is everlasting acting on the defensive. While the Enterprise is not discussing the different phases of the political world as much perhaps as it might, or while it is not giving the latest rise or fall in the stock markets, still it is also the while working that men and women shall be honest with themselves in all that relates to their individual, social life. No man can be happy who is living a sham life—by this we mean living a life which merely seems, but is not. That woman is the most wretched of all who is attempting to maintain a position in society for which she is neither fitted by nature nor by culture.

"Just as you are," and then there are no false claims to set up and no apologies to be made. It is always refreshing to us to meet that man who will allow us to get at him as he really is; and especially is it refreshing and delightful to meet that woman who is absolutely devoid of all pretence. It makes us sick, both at heart and stomach, to see on every side this stagey way of living. To be everlasting on our guard, that we smile just when the smile is supposed to come in, to say the proper word just at the proper time, to make our bow at just such an angle—indeed, to act our entire part so that it shall be eminently satisfactory to those who do everything by a cold, formal rule and not by heart beats—is just what is the matter with the most of us. We are trying to pass ourselves off for more than we are worth. We are not willing to make an even exchange of ourselves with others. We are looking and hoping for "change back" when we are the ones who should pay over the odd penny. We have an admiration and love for that friend who is to us an open

book, while we feel like running from and deafening our ears to him and her who attempt to blind our eyes to their human side.

We want you just as you are, or otherwise we don't want you at all. These make-believe men and women in no way meet the demands of our nature. Still we have them everywhere. We have them here in Arlington.

## AN IDEAL DAY.

Last Sunday was an ideal day, and we especially enjoyed it, for, with a friend, we took a long walk into the open country leading out from one of our New England cities. The trouble or misfortune with the American people is that they prefer to get into a crowded electric car, where the air is deadly offensive, rather than take a walk with all God's sunshine about them, and with the health invigorating atmosphere to fire the blood and give a new zest to life. To get all there is in a brisk walk on a morning when all nature is inviting, be sure that you have along with you a friend who is altogether to your liking. There is no little philosophy in sharing the good things of life with others, for by so doing the enjoyment of each is indefinitely multiplied. But have your daily walk anyway, even if you take it alone. Who has not read with delight of the tramps that Thoreau used to take in the wide open country? and who can ever forget how Emerson feasted himself upon field and wood as he walked along his favorite paths? John Burroughs is always at his best when making his way on foot along some by-road, or along some unfrequented lane, on the sharp lookout all the while for new discoveries in the world of nature.

Sunday's sky was without a cloud, while the air had just enough of the chill of winter about it as to cause one to walk with measured but not with hastened step; so we and our friend leisurely made our way out from the crowded street to the open highway of the country, passing here and there a spacious farmhouse, where on all sides were indications of that comfort and happiness which come from rural life. We were not a little interested in a group of cottages during our tramp along the road wherein resided some of the operatives of a large manufacturing establishment, whose owner or part owner during the war of the sixties was governor of the state, but whose domestic life was unhappy both for himself and wife because they plighted their love each to the other upon merely the surroundings that come from distinguished public position, not taking into account that love is an innate quality and never the growth or outcome of material conditions. We said to ourselves: Most likely these operatives in their cozy, unpretending cottages are fulfilling God's great law of love, while the owner of the manufacturing establishment and the brilliant ex-governor as well, failed to do so because he simply married an enviable position in society and a distinguished father-in-law. We may plan however sharply, and work however adroitly, and even then we shall fail to frustrate God's eternal decrees. Love can only live on the affections of the heart, and never upon the most brilliant manifestations of brain power alone.

But on we went until we came to the bridge overlooking the peaceful valley stretching itself far into the dim distance beyond, and from which point we could see the picturesque outline of the city that Roger Williams founded after Massachusetts had driven him from her boasted liberty-loving soil. How many crimes are committed in the name of that freedom which professes to secure and protect the rights of all! We had now made our way so far into the country that we were beyond the sound of the church-going bell, and yet we were in God's own house of worship, with the skies looking down most kindly upon us and with all nature in tuneable harmony with ascriptions of devout praise to the maker of all things. One may worship wherever God is, and God is everywhere. While the pulpit and cushioned seat may be helps, yet they are not absolutely essential to prayer and praise. The full chorus of song and thanksgiving is more readily heard under the open skies and in the country which is God's own make, so that we and our friend returned from our walk on that ideal Sunday morning of a week ago having taken in the best that all nature had to give. And who shall say that the thanks we offered up for that bounteous display of exquisite beauty as seen all about us and above us on that most perfect of days, were not as acceptable as though we had worshipped in earthly temples? The outward form has little to do with an intense worship. It is the innermost spirit which giveth significance and life.

And so it is that we urge you again, reader of this editorial, to take your daily walk out into the country, that you may behold for yourself the marvelous manifestations of an all-creative power. Nature bestows her choicest gifts at first hand. She has no "middle man" coming between her and those who love and worship at her shrine. "Go forth under the open sky," as Bryant so well says, "and list to nature's teachings."

At this writing, Wednesday morning, we can declare with commendable emphasis that winter has come. With the glass within ten degrees of zero and with eight inches of snow, who will dare deny

the above statement? The little blizzard of Monday did us lots of good, for it reminded us of the olden days. Don't we remember that once upon a time when teaching a district country school not far remote from Boston that we fortunately got snow-bound while on a visit to a neighboring district where a brother of ours was teaching, so that for four days we were delightfully housed along with four of the prettiest girls of the neighborhood, and it happened that there were just enough boys of us to go round? "There is," surely, "a divinity that shapes our ends." O, how we did hate on that ever memorable occasion to see the clouds lift and the sun come out!

Well, all this is simply an incident of what we have in mind. Good, steady winter weather is what we need in this latitude of ours. There is nothing more invigorating than a temperature approximating zero, and then a good big snow-storm, more or less frequently blocking the roads, has its advantages. The domestic virtues are always promoted and made emphatic around the open fire while the winter is on in good earnest. If John G. Whittier had not been in love with the winter time he never could have written "Snowbound."

Re-read "Snow-bound" while the winter is upon you. It will do you good, and refresh your memories of the storms of the earlier years. As we wrote in a recent issue of the Enterprise, we used to have just such snowstorms here in Arlington, and then the snow came to stay. It was only the other day that Mr. George W. Lane of Pleasant street told us that during one winter in the early sixties he rode into Boston for something more than 70 consecutive days in his cutter!

Who ever heard in the long years gone by of "germs," "microbes" and bacteria skimming the air in deadly numbers? In those days one dared inhaled a good long breath out of doors. O, that we might annually sing: "See winter comes to rule the varied year."

Mrs. Nation seems to be taking the kingdom of heaven by violence out in Kansas.

The funeral of Queen Victoria on Saturday of last week was a wonderful spectacular display as well as a remarkable demonstration of grief. Never on any similar occasion has there been such a coming together of royalty and the common people.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was married yesterday to Grand Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. May their be a happy life.

By all means let the death penalty be abolished. We are too far advanced in Christian civilization to allow this law to longer stand when other means of punishment can be substituted. Such men as Atty. General H. M. Knowlton and Senator Willard Howland are strong advocates for its abolition.

Carnegie says, so it is said, that "to die rich is to die disgraced." It has can only live on the affections of the heart, and never upon the most brilliant manifestations of brain power alone.

"We must convict someone" seems to be the cry of the dectives and prosecution in the Fosburgh case, and so the young man becomes the victim.

Queen Victoria is laid at rest by the side of her husband. Let her soul rest in peace.

That the soldiery of England should have acted so disgracefully on the day of their deceased queen's funeral only shows that military discipline was sadly lacking. May they be punished.

At the eighth annual convention of Knights of Columbus lodges held in Boston this week there was shown a membership gain of 12,873 during the past year.

Two more victims of misplaced confidence, one in New York, the other in Boston. The former "wanted to see the sights"—he saw them at a cost of \$400. The latter was "touched" by a female thief who relieved him of \$4650—and fools come to the front every day.

DIED.

COOKE—In Arlington, Feb. 3, Edith Florence (Russell), wife of Everett H. Cooke, aged 24 years.

LAWRENCE—In Arlington, Feb. 4, Lucy M., wife of the late Henry L. Lawrence, aged 72 years.

WANTED.

A competent, experienced girl for general housework at 10 Oakland avenue, Arlington Heights.

FURNISHED ROOMS.

With or without board, hot and cold water, steam heat. Gentlemen preferred. Terms reasonable. Private family. 305 Mass. avenue, Arlington. View of Belmont and Spy pond nov24t

WINTER HAS COME

At this writing, Wednesday morning, we can declare with commendable emphasis that winter has come. With the glass within ten degrees of zero and with eight inches of snow, who will dare deny

We recovered from our snow storm decidedly easy compared with Chicago and other places, and this in N. E. too.

The cars of the Lexington & Boston street R. R. were stalled Wednesday and Thursday at Billerica, owing to an immense snow drift at this point.

Col. Edmund Rice's nomination for lieut.-colonelship of 3d infantry regulars by the president will no doubt be confirmed by the senate.

The Boston Bar association, which met at the Boston Algonquin club last Monday evening, paid a most fitting tribute to that able lawyer and jurist, John Marshall. Hon. Richard Olney and Prest. Tucker eulogized this deceased chief justice of the U. S. supreme court from Virginia in most fitting words.

Chief Gott is in favor of the permanent men receiving more pay. This is just like the chief, who is ever looking to better the department. This is good, and just as it should be, but the Enterprise will go it one better and recommend that the chief's salary be increased also. He will be too modest to recommend such, but we hope the committee will recommend it and our citizens vote for it. His salary as chief is too small for the amount of time and hard and conscientious work he puts into it. We have an A chief and first-class permanent men in each house. Let them be paid a good salary.

Good Cheer for February opens with a pleasing sketch of Ben King by Nixon Waterman, who collected and edited King's clever verse. Though that collection has the distinction of being the most popular book of American verse published in the past three years, little is known of the personality of the rare genius who wrote it, and therefore this pleasing portrait by one who was his friend will be welcomed by many.

Mr. Waterman describes the first meeting of Eugene Field and Ben King, at which the following sympathetic greetings were exchanged:

"I'm mighty glad to see you, Mr. Field," said King. "I began reading your 'Sharps and Flats' eighteen years ago and have never read any other."

"The pleasure is mutual, Mr. King," Field replied. "I once knew a man from Saint Joe (King's boyhood home in Michigan, across the lake from Chicago) who has heard you play pieces on the piano at a Sunday-school entertainment and had never needed any music since. What has prevented your advancement in the musical profession? I have never seen your name among the soap testimonials."

"No, I have given up music for poetry."

"Is that so? You write poetry then? Dear me, so do I."

"Really? I didn't know that. I thought you wrote funny paragraphs. I wish you'd let me see your scrap-book some time."

Sam Walter Foss, whose pen is kept too silent these days by the librarian's duties in a large public library, contributes a beautiful poem. "I shall not pass this way again."

As usual the charming wit of the editor, Nixon Waterman, sparkles through several pages. That Good Cheer is becoming popular is not surprising to one who reads his "Redactional Radiations."

The best "radiations" are of too great a length to quote. One of them contains much wisdom and good advice on the subject of child training, and closes with Mr. Waterman's epitaph as written by himself:

"Under this stone lies a funny old chap Who fancied it hurt to be hit with a strap, And did all he could with his sisters and brothers To keep them from cruelly larruping the others."

Another "radiation" is in defense of the school teacher, and felicitously begins, "A good schoolma'am is rather to be chosen than great riches." There are also several quatrains and two longer poems, entitled "A Hobbled Pegasus" and "one of he has-beens," all of which are richly flavored with philosophical humor.

The Enterprise has moved

into the Post-office Block

Please bear

this in mind

We will have a

nicer office

to receive our

friends and

## ARLINGTON NEWS.

Letter carrier Cleary while on his route on Wednesday, making his way at lightning speed with his horse and cutter, upset the whole business in trying to get the best of a mountainous snow-drift on Pine street. Fortunately no damage was done, so that Mr. Cleary survives to tell of his marvelous escape.

Prof. Marshall's objective lecture on hypnotism didn't materialize at the Town hall on Wednesday evening as advertised. The professor, however, made his appearance, but as there were only a half-dozen present, the door money was returned, the lecture indefinitely postponed, and the six were allowed to return home in their normal condition.

The electric lights in the depot have been so replaced that they now accommodate those wishing to read while comfortably seated awaiting the train. Extra lights have been put in the waiting rooms, and lights in the baggage room and cellar.

A new typewriter has been placed in the ticket office of the depot to meet the demands of the largely increased correspondence. Mr. Braeia, the new assistant, is an expert in typewriting.

Mr. William E. Wood, of the firm of Messrs. William T. Wood & Co., has just returned from a business trip through northern New York.

We dropped into our Arlington department of civil engineering the other morning and found all hands as busy as bees. There is no loafing in that office.

We have seen more than one young man here in Arlington out sleighing this present week with his best girl, and he was driving with one hand, too.

Mr. Edward Mears deserves a good word for the excellent care he takes of Robbins library. Under his watchful eye no dust collects on the reading-tables, and the several rooms are always properly heated and ventilated. In a word, Mr. Mears keeps the library building in the neatest possible trim.

The members of the Royal Argonaut will be interested to know the result of the work of the order for 1900. During this year the membership was increased from 193,868 to 210,162, a net gain of 16,294, the largest in the history of the order. In Massachusetts the net gain in membership was 738 for the year, bringing the membership up to 17,828. During the year the emergency fund was increased so that on Dec. 31, 1900, it amounted to \$1,330,095.35. \$6,281,568.65 was paid to beneficiaries in 1900, bringing the total payments since the institution of the order up to \$61,550,564.97.

An entertainment is to be given by the H. H. club on the evening of Feb. 12, at the residence of H. H. Homer, 143 Pleasant street, beginning at 7:45 o'clock.

In the Rev. Mr. Gill's interesting sermon on Sunday morning, Jan. 27, the occasion being the ninth anniversary of his settlement over the First Parish church, he is reported as having said the following, which we can but think must be a mistake of the reporter: "I had rather work and fail in my effort to be a minister than be successful in any other branch of work." Horace Mann says: "Because absurd notions descending to us from the worst and the weakest of men have created factitious distinctions between employments, shall the young man therefore seek a sphere of life for which he is neither fitted by nature nor by culture and spoil a good cobbler by becoming a poor lawyer, or commit the double injustice of robbing the mountain goats of a herdsman to make a faithless shepherd in the Lord's pasture?" We cannot believe that a man of Mr. Gill's ability and success in his profession would have the above statement accredited to him go out to the public unmodified.

We pulled on Thursday the door bell of our Arlington almshouse, and received a cordial "come in" from the superintendent and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Tay. This was our first visit to the almshouse. This institution for the poor is pleasantly situated and well kept.

Mrs. Josiah Crosby had the misfortune last week to fall and break her ankle.

The funeral of Mrs. Everett H. Cooke took place on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30, Rev. S. C. Bushnell officiating.

The painting of the vestibule, halls and vestries of the Congregational church is now completed, and are being much admired.

Mrs. S. C. Bushnell has been suffering from the grip since Sunday, but is improving.

The annual inspection of the Alms house took place on Wednesday evening. A thorough examination of the buildings was made and everything found to be in perfect running order, in fact this institution never looked in better condition. A sumptuous supper was served the guests by Supt. Tay. The usual speechmaking was gone through, after which all returned to the reception room where an entertainment was given.

An anniversary mass was held at St. Agnes' church on Thursday morning at 8 o'clock in memory of Bartholomew O'Brien. A large number were present to revere the memory of one who tried to make others happy. Rev. J. M. Mulcahy officiated.

Today is the first anniversary of Wetherbee Bros' opening. They are one year old, but doing a 10-year-old business. They are hustlers.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Wendell E. Richardson, which occurred on Sunday afternoon at her late home, 100 Pleasant street, was especially impressive. The Rev. Dr. Watson conducted the services.

Next Thursday afternoon the district-meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions will be held in the Pleasant street Congregational church, Mrs. F. C. Clark will deliver the address and a full attendance is desired.

Mr. Dana Lawrence of 127 Medford street has been confined to his home by severe sickness. His friends trust he will soon be out.

Dr. William A. Greene has vacated his office on Mass. avenue and removed to Sutton, Mass., in Worcester county.

We are sorry the doctor felt obliged to go.

He is a fine physician, courteous and gentlemanly at all times. His

and the Enterprise wish him unbounded success in his new field.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Sprague are being profusely thanked by the patrons of the Winchester line for the many courtesies shown by them last Tuesday evening.

Their waiting and lunch room on Mystic street was crowded with passengers on Tuesday evening when word came that no more cars would be run.

Mr. Sprague went in search of carriages, on their

request, to take some home, others took pungs, while many rode over in the snow plow. The waiting room was kept open until midnight before all had procured some kind of conveyance.

The mid-winter convention of the Middlesex Central Christian Endeavor union will be held in the afternoon and evening of Feb. 22, at the First Congregational church, Woburn. It is expected that 500 Endeavorers, besides others not connected with the movement, will gather to hear some of the best speakers of eastern Massachusetts, whose names we hope to give next week.

Besides the clergy, there will be several

talks on the various phases of society work, which will be especially helpful to the committee workers.

The whist party which was held last

Wednesday evening by Arlington council, No. 109, K. of C., in their hall, was

largely attended. Thirty tables were

filled, and a good game was enjoyed.

The following were the prize-winners:

Messrs. Garrett J. Cody, R. J. Kelley, Mrs. D. W. Grannan, Mrs. D. J. Collins,

After the game, dancing was engaged in until midnight. Mr. Peter F. O'Neil

was floor director, and was assisted by

Messrs. T. J. Greene, D. W. O'Brien, D.

F. Dale, J. J. Lane. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Pero, Mr.

and Mrs. D. T. Dale, Mr. and Mrs. D. W.

Grannan, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Collins, Mr.

and Mrs. J. J. Leary, Mr. and Mrs. R. J.

Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallagher,

Mr. and Mrs. G. Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. M.

J. Mahoney, Misses Martha McCarthy,

Mary and Anna Doyle, Agnes, Theresa

and Stasia O'Neil, Annie Corrigan,

Canty, Sadie Meehan, Edith Rowe, Lot-

tie and Alice Sullivan, Mary Hayes,

Katie, Julia and Minnie O'Brien, Gertie

Lyons, Mary Purcell, Messrs. John A.

Hendricks, John J. Robinson, John J.

Ahern, James F. McCarthy, Dan Lyons,

Peter F. O'Neil, Richard Buckley, P. B.

Corrigan, John J. Lane, Matthew Rowe,

W. H. Canty, Sylvester Mead, Daniel F.

Sweeney, E. J. Purcell, M. Horrigan,

Daniel M. Daley, Arthur Gossom, T. J.

Greene, Wm. Gearin, James E. Tracy,

Timothy Collins, Gus Riley, Dan Doyle

John A. Bishop.

The candy table at the Universalist fair will be under the direction of Mrs. Leeds. Orders will be received at her home, 45 Bartlett avenue, on Monday, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Handkerchiefs will be found at the Universalist fair from all states of the union and many foreign countries.

### OBITUARY.

### MRS. HENRY D. LAWRENCE.

The death of Mrs. Lucy M. Lawrence, wife of our late deceased honored citizen, Henry L. Lawrence, came as a sudden shock to her wide circle of friends and relatives. It was indeed sudden, for although Mrs. Lawrence had been sick for over 16 months, yet her death was unexpected, for only a few days previously she had been planning for her summer outing.

Mrs. Lucy M. Lawrence, whose maiden name was Lucy M. Ham, was born in Rochester, N. H., Nov. 14, 1829. She was married in 1849 to Mr. Lawrence, and immediately moved to Arlington, taking up their residence in the house near the bridge on Medford street. Later they moved to the stately home from which she was carried to her last resting place, and here she resided ever since, 43 years last October. Mrs. Lawrence was a model woman, caring naught for society, but ever looking to her children's happiness, of which this happy union there were eight. Her one thought was her home. Those who knew her say she was of a quiet and unassuming nature, a loving, devoted and Christian mother.

The funeral was held at her late home. Rev. Frederic Gill and Rev. George Cutter, D. D., officiated, and paid a loving tribute of her sterling worth. The floral tributes, of which there was a large and costly display, spoke volumes of her useful and happy life. The University quartet rendered several selections, and the remains were interred in the family lot at Mt. Auburn.

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Universalist fair, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

At the Universalist church tomorrow morning the pastor will make use of the life of Abraham Lincoln as illustrating his theme.

Here is the outline of the Universalist fair: Open at 5 p. m., turkey supper and Wednesday from 6 to 8 p. m.; Gibson tableau Tuesday evening; dramatic, "The revolving wedge," Wednesday. Tables of fancy and useful articles, candy, dolls, valentines, neckties, etc. Ice cream served during the evening.

### ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

The last ladies' night of the season was held Wednesday evening. There was an unusually large attendance at this the last of these pleasant social functions. The entertainment committee had everything in readiness and each and everyone pronounced this ladies' night the best of them all. A large number of the members were present and many outsiders who had been invited to enjoy the hospitality of the club. The committee was W. H. N. Francis, Winthrop Pattee, A. J. Wellington, E. L. Rankin, and James T. Gray.

Tuesday evening Teams 4 and 1 contested with the following result:

Team 4.				
Reid	150	150	150	450
Gray	192	148	119	459
Zoollor	151	184	125	460
Johnson	126	144	135	410
Hewitt	120	124	156	400
Total	739	755	685	2179

Team 1.

Team 1.				
E. Wood	170	188	127	477
J. Puffer	140	144	140	420
Wilmot	130	130	130	300
R. Homer	141	188	167	496
F. Wood	133	171	141	445
Total	714	809	705	2228

In the Amateur league match played on Monday evening between the Boat club team and the B. A. A., the latter won the second and third games but lost the first by eight pins. The two strings won were remarkable, the second being 980 and the third 983, and both were more than 150 pins better than the Boat club. Three doubles by Puffer were Arlington's only bunches in the first game. In the second game Brooks tripped for Arlington. In the last game Rugg got two pairs. Puffer was the only man for the Boat club to touch the 500 mark. The score:

Arlington				
Dodge	144	165	150	450
H. Durlin	154	167	159	477
Puffer	219	130	176	534
Brooks	145	173	166	484
Rugg	151	174	172	497
Totals	813	816	813	2442

B. A. A.

B. A. A.				
Hill	131	189	206	826
James	180	171	157	508
Kinsworth	176	255	219	656
Culler	170	171	182	523
Legate	148	194	219	561
Totals	805	980	983	2768

The following is the standing of the clubs in the Amateur league:

Games					Games		Pins		Pin	
won					lost		avg		av	
Newton					22		11		860	
Boston					21		12		883	
Weston					20		13		880	
Dudley					19		14		861	
South					19		15		824	
Commercial					15		18		860	
Calumet					15		18		825	
Old Dorchester					13		20		850	
Arlington					6		27		835	

On Thursday evening, in the Mystic Valley league game, the Boat club won three straight from Charlestown very easily. With one exception every man on the winning team rolled over 500. The work of Whittemore and Kinsman was particularly good. The Boat club and the 99th will roll off for the championship sometime next week, as the Mystic Valley series closed with this match. The score:

Arlington				
Durlin				

